





# MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

## START HASTINGS CONSERVER

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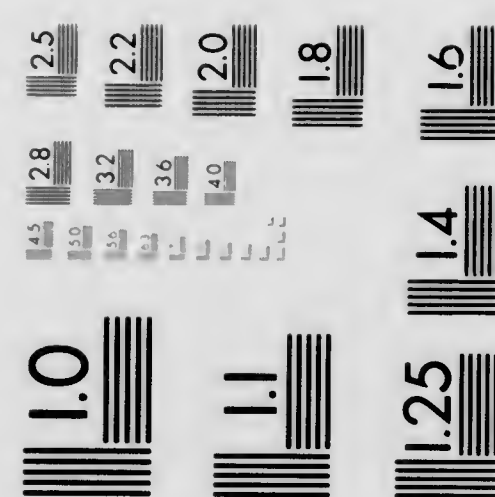
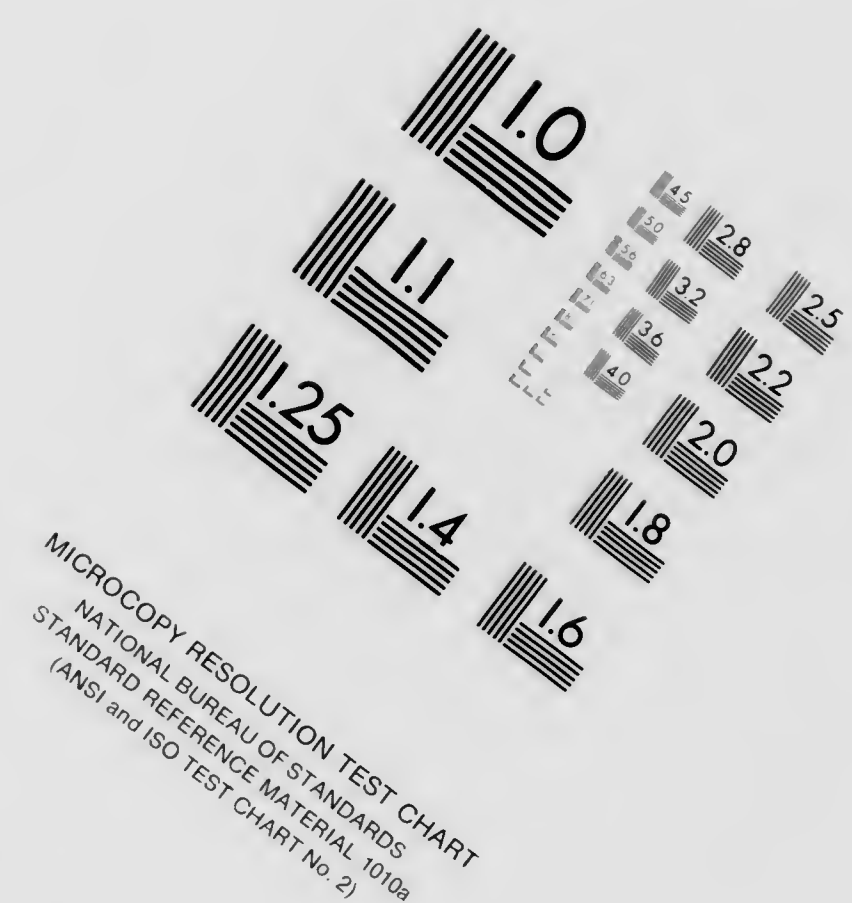
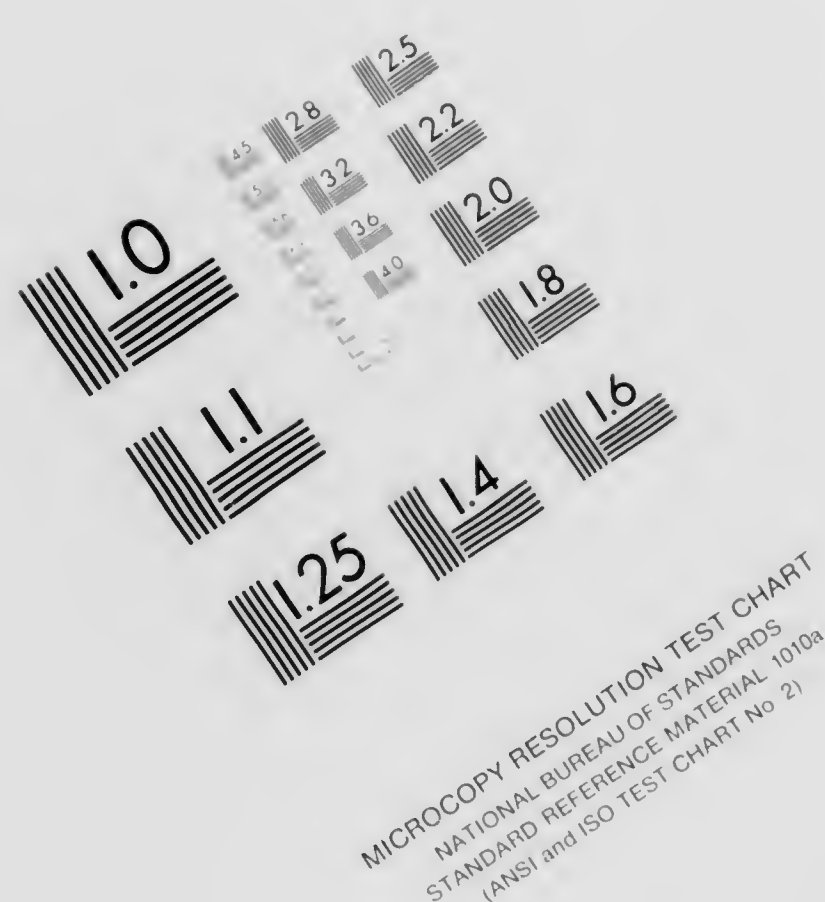
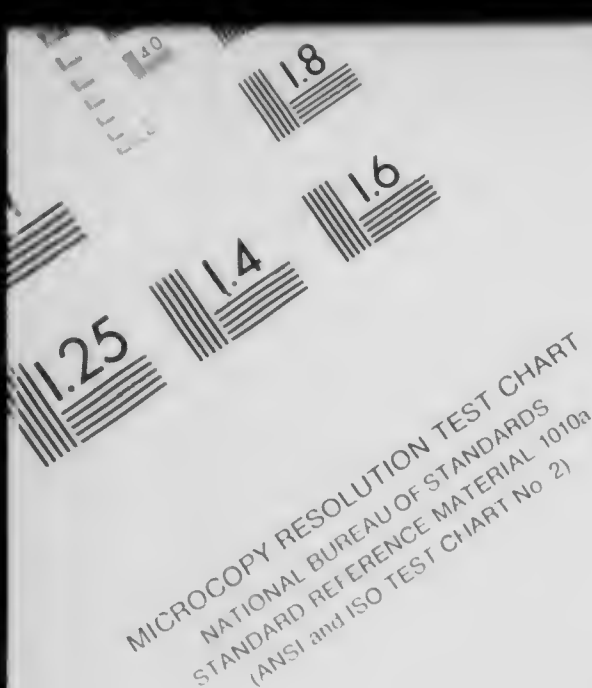
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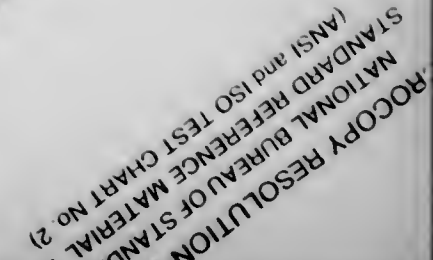
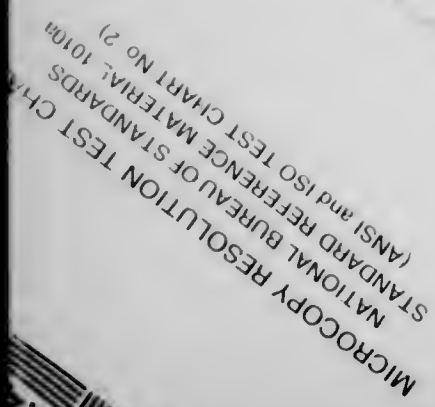
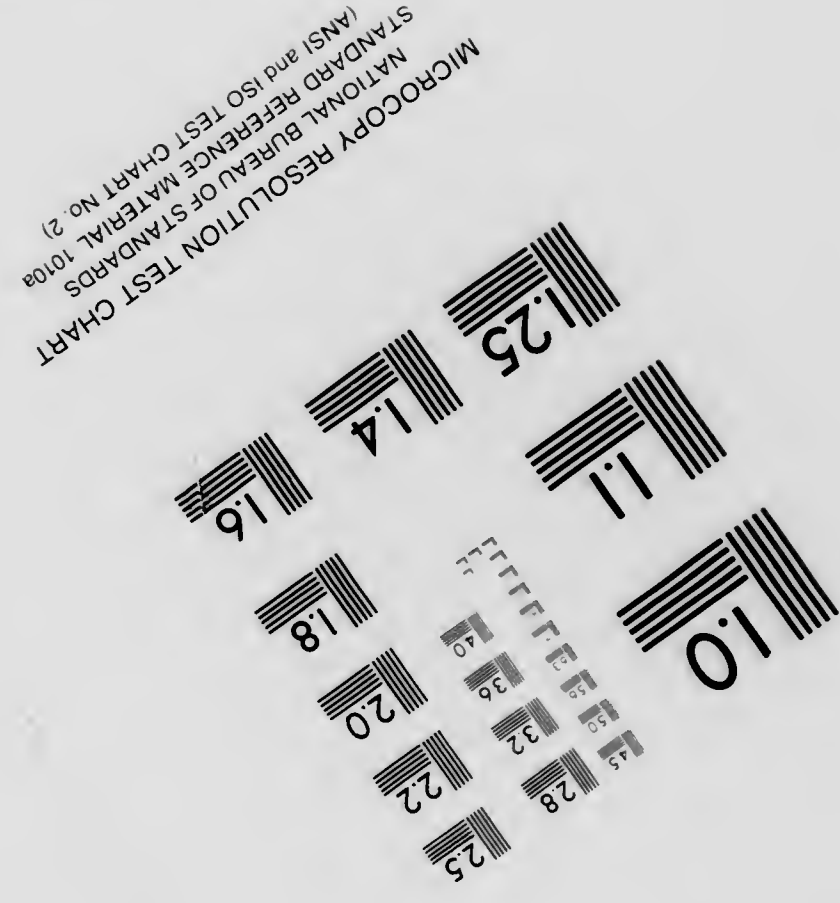
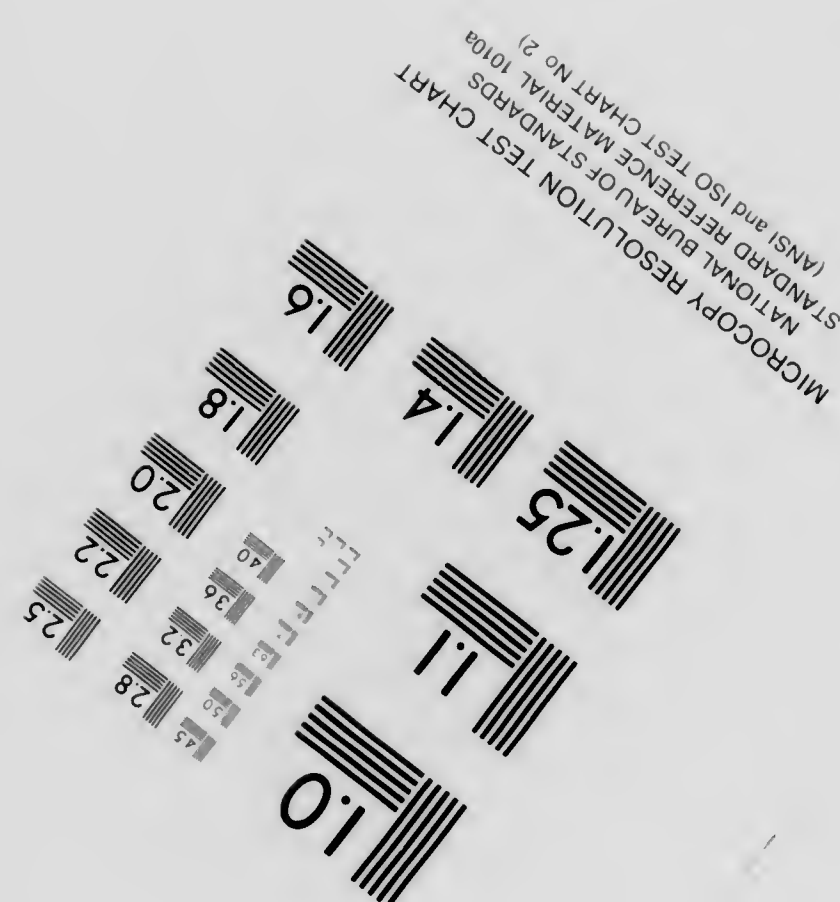
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## THE CONSERVATOR.

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Proprietors.  
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125 North Second Street,  
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Who is a Master Mason?

From an address recently delivered before the grand lodge of Iowa, by the Rev. Bro. I. K. Fuller, grand orator, we take the following answer to the foregoing question:

"Latitude and longitude on the earth's surface are measured by degrees, minutes, and seconds, and the smaller divisions, the minutes and seconds, are essential to the equally important with the degrees, and absolutely indispensable to the perfection of measurement. So that he who, placing undue emphasis on the degree, is unskillful and defective in his calculations. And so, brethren, in computing our masonic degrees, we must be equally exact in the minutes and seconds, and the importance has been attached to the minutes and seconds, and what masonry enjoys upon us between the degrees. It is to this definition, this criminal want of attention to what have been falsely called the little things of masonry, that such false estimates have been made as to the character of our institutions, and that profane have sometimes said masons are no better than other people, whereas masons should so exemplify their lives as to constrain others to desire admission to our rights, lights, and benefits. But I hasten to the consideration who is a mason? I hear a brother say, he is one who is regularly initiated, passed, and raised according to the due and ancient form. But does this make a master mason? I answer unhesitatingly, no; masonry, as you are aware, is a great moral science, and in strictness he only is a master mason who has succeeded in mastering the whole subject in all its parts, whether degrees, five, precept, or practice. He who has simply graduated in the third degree of masonry has only entered the vestibule of our glorious old temple, having not yet penetrated far enough to become familiar with its sublime mysteries. If to live in a christianian religion, to profess the christian religion, and join a church necessarily makes a man a christian, then to have taken the third degree of masonry makes a man a genuine mason; but the premise being false, the conclusion is of course untrue; still further, a person may take upon himself the solemn obligations of christianianity, and still have done nothing more than 'serve the devil in.' So if you were to ask a brother what makes him a mason, and he were to answer, my obligation, he would have but half answered your question, because his obligation only makes him a mason nominally; not de facto. It is the working out of that obligation into the life that makes him such in reality. It is profession and practice, married, faith and works as cause and effect, that illustrate masonry. In a word, then, a master mason is one whose heart is always in the right place, always palpitating at the sight of human woe, and true to its trust as the needle to the magnet, who comes up out of the dust and toil, the complications and antagonisms of daily life unsoiled, with his soul perpetually to the zenith. He is a man whose hand never lifted up in violation of God's law as expressed in the decalogue, but who is always ready to mingle his tears with the suffering sons and daughters of mortality. Such is my ideal of a master mason, an ideal which I am glad to know has many illustrious exemplifications in the catalogue of American masons."

When you want to manage men, do as bee-keepers do when they want to manage bees. Here are two men that have been in a hive. One says, 'I own these bees, and am going to divide them, and move them.' He prepares a place for them, and then goes to the hive, thrusts his arm into the hole, and draws over him, and he moves himself very rapidly! That is just as I have seen men attempt to manage them. Another man gets a bowl of sugar and water, and washes his hands all over, and goes with the utmost quietness and serenity, and opens the hive, and puts his hand in gently, and he can scoop them up as though they were so much flour, and put them in as many hives as he pleases (if he only takes care to put a queen bee in each), and they will not sting him or fly away. And people say, 'Wonderful, that man has real magnetic power with bees.' So he has."

Do Your Own Mopping.

Should a fashionable woman be asked to go into the kitchen with one of her best silk dresses, and dripping the skirt into the suds of the scrubbing pail drag it over the floor for ten hours or more, she'd put down her gaitered foot with a snap and bid you do your own mopping. Yet after the past week's rain, this beautiful Tuesday calls out a multitude of women—most of them sensible women, who keep their skirts out of the dirt—among those who can be tracked from street to street's end by the dirty water Virginia-finesse trail they left behind. We walked many rods behind a silk dress that had been paid for in gold at one hundred and seventy, and at least three inches of it was nastily muddied, the edge fairly fringed by mud, with the pavement, and at every crossing, and every depression in the flagging, the silk drew up the mud like a dragging machine, and made a zigzag imprint on the stones."

The Federal Chameleon.

One evening, about an hour after the sun had gone down, a couple of stout men dressed in soiled rebel uniforms, each holding in his hand a good Austrian rifle, tapped at the door of a small frame building, near the C— road in Virginia.

The knock was answered by an old woman whose face was almost concealed by the tangled masses of her gray, uncombed, and disheveled hair.

"What do you want, heah?" she exclaimed, as her deep-set eyes flashed on the two men. "I haven't the smallest bit of Johnny cake in the house to offer you, for it is all—"

"No, no," interrupted one of the soldiers, "we don't want anything to eat; but we want you to tell us, and that in quick time, too, whether or not you've seen a slight but strong looking slip of a man go by here of late."

"Dressed in blue and carrying a double barreled rifle," added the other.

"Hey! hey!" cried the hag, lifting her hands, and speaking in a sharp, angry voice, "if we hadn't overheard you, I reckon you'd a herd me speak of him before now, as he was the very man who came here and bought all my mokes. It was about two hours ago and—"

"Which way did he go after he left you?" inquired both men eagerly.

"Before I answer that question you must tell me who he is," said the old woman, with a curiosity natural to her sex.

"He's a celebrated union scout whom we call the 'Federal Chameleon,' because he changes his uniform so often. Sometimes it is blue, other times gray, and he has been seen wearing the disguise of an old farmer. He has shot more of our men than is pleasant, and we have a roving commission from our colonel to go on a hunt after him and capture him, if we can, either dead or alive. And now as we have replied to you," continued the speaker a little impatiently, "we demand that you answer our question, and—"

"Demand?" interrupted the hag in shrill, piercing tones. "Is that the proper way to speak to a woman, an old woman at that?"

"Come, come, answer us if you please," cried the soldier in a milder tone. "I mean no harm—it is only my way of speaking."

"Well, perhaps I may forgive and perhaps not," said the old woman, slinking a church necessary makes a man a christian, then to have taken the third degree of masonry makes a man a genuine mason; but the premise being false, the conclusion is of course untrue; still further, a person may take upon himself the solemn obligations of christianianity, and still have done nothing more than 'serve the devil in.' So if you were to ask a brother what makes him a mason, and he were to answer, my obligation, he would have but half answered your question, because his obligation only makes him a mason nominally; not de facto. It is the working out of that obligation into the life that makes him such in reality. It is profession and practice, married, faith and works as cause and effect, that illustrate masonry. In a word, then, a master mason is one whose heart is always in the right place, always palpitating at the sight of human woe, and true to its trust as the needle to the magnet, who comes up out of the dust and toil, the complications and antagonisms of daily life unsoiled, with his soul perpetually to the zenith. He is a man whose hand never lifted up in violation of God's law as expressed in the decalogue, but who is always ready to mingle his tears with the suffering sons and daughters of mortality. Such is my ideal of a master mason, an ideal which I am glad to know has many illustrious exemplifications in the catalogue of American masons."

"What is that to you? What has that to do—"

"There you go again with your cursed civility!" shrieked the hag, fiercely; "but you shall answer my question before you get a single word out of me. Now, then, how far is your camp from here, and around it? I intend to carry your fellows some corn-cakes, if you see, and I want to know the number of mouths that I have to cook for."

"Oh, in that case," said the rebel, "I do not see any reason why I shouldn't satisfy you. Our camps, then, are about five miles from here, near the cross roads, and our number may be about five hundred."

"That will do," cried the old woman with a grin of satisfaction—"yes that will do. And now you are after? the man who came here to buy a supper is the one you are after?"

"We are sure, of it, for although we have never seen the man's face, we'd know him by his double barreled rifle, as nobody else in the Yankee army carries a weapon of that kind."

"Ay, ay, it's the right one then," said the hag. "After he had finished and laid for his meal, I says to me, 'Friend, I should like to put up here for the night if you have no objections. But as I did not like the idea of accommodating a Yankee any more than I could help, I told him there was no room for him, as I expected visitors before many hours. Well, then,' says he, 'can you tell me of a place where I can pass the night a little comfortably? You see, he added, looking towards his big double-barreled rifle, 'I don't like to camp out, as it looks like to rain, and this piece might get hurt by it.' 'I know of no place,' I answered, 'short of four miles from here, in an old barn which is tight enough, I think, to keep off the rain.' 'Four miles is a pretty long distance,' said he, 'and as I have been tramping about considerably to-day, I don't feel much like carrying this heavy load so far,' pointing to his knapsack as he spoke. Will you be kind enough to let it remain till morning?"

"Well, yes, said I, hesitating a little, and throwing a significant glance at the well-filled pocket book in his hand. He understood the look and gave me a greenback dollar. 'All right,' said I, and he then departed, saying he would call for his baggage in the morning, after he should wake from his sleep in the barn."

"Now, then," continued the woman, "which way did he go after him at once, or wait in ambush for him till morning?"

"The two soldiers drew back a few paces and held a short consultation, after which they advanced to the side of the woman."

"We will go now," said the one who had spoke first; "that is, if you can describe to us the exact position of the barn."

"I don't think I could describe it so that you can find it in the dark," replied the old woman, "but as I am willing to do everything in my power for the confederacy, I will go with you to show you the place."

"That's right," answered the rebel, "and we'll see that you are rewarded for your zeal."

"I don't want any reward for helping my countrymen," replied the other, "I am always ready to help along the cause."

With these words she disappeared into the inner room, but came forth in a few minutes with a gray blanket thrown over her shoulders.

"I took this out of the Yank's bag."

The Cure of the Drunkard.

A main long noted for intemperate habits was induced by Rev. John Abbott to sign the pledge in "this way," which he did in these words, "I pledge myself to drink no more intoxicating drinks for one year." Few believed he could keep it, but near the end of the year he again made his appearance among the temperance meetings, without having once touched a drop. "Are you not going to sign again?" asked Mr. Abbott. "Yes," replied he, "if I can do it in my own way, and accordingly he wrote 'I sign this pledge for nine hundred and ninety-nine years, and if I live to that time, I intend to take out a life lease.' A few days after he called upon the tavern keeper, who welcomed him back to his old haunts. "Oh, land," said he, as if in pain, "have such a lump on my side!" "That's because you've stopped drinking," said the landlady, "you want live long if you keep on." "Will drink take the lump away?" "Yes, and if you don't drink, you will soon have a lump on the other side. Come, let's drink together," and he poured out two glasses of whiskey. "I guess I won't drink," said the former inmate, "especially if keeping the pledge will bring another lump, for it isn't very hard to bear, after all, and with this I drew the lump, a roll of greenbacks from his side pocket, and walked off leaving the landlady to his reflections."

There is something as beautiful as the hush of moonlight. The myriad quiet sleepers, lying down, each their life burden, insensible alike to joy or sorrow; helpless alike, the strong man as the infant, and over all the sleepers, Eye, which since the world began has never lost sight of one pillowed head. Thoughts like these come to us in an almost painful flood of memory. "I am not alone," I then, eternally only seems real, and every day life is a battle. But morning comes, and the stir and hum of life chase thoughts away as the sun dries up the dew drops, which, like our thoughts, performed their reviving mission ere they depart.

A city is a funny thing in any view you may take of it. The smaller the city, the more amusing is its peculiarities. It has its "upper ten" of the genuine "codfish aristocracy," its "lower ten" of dependants or indigents, and a "middle class" of comfortable and industrious people who enjoy life on a reasonable and rational basis. The touch-notativeness of the "highway arduous," is often as ludicrous as the misery of the poor is deplorable. The very streets themselves seem to put on a style, and assert their respective claims with the pertinacity of individuals competing for prizes in a race.—*La Crosse Republican.*

Milk-and-water people, who content themselves with simply doing no harm, at the same time never doing any good, who do not wait for a stone to get out of the Heaven-appointed way, but manifestly rolls it over, may unintentionally hurt somebody's toes in the next breath, and thousands who will walk that future path will thank him for clearing it. The man who has no enemy is generally a sneak, creeping, cautious, whitewashed creature, walking the world with velvet shoes, who smiles and glides his unchallenged way to the obscurity he merits.

Hawthorne seems to have been unmarried; since he says in one of his mid-night musings, after recounting the miseries of a haunted mind, "As your head falls back upon the pillow, you think in a whisper that it spoken—how pleasant in these night solitudes would be the rise and fall of a softer breathing than your own, the slight presence of a tender, or bosom, the quiet throbbing of a pure heart, imparting its pathos to your troubled one, as if the fond sleeper were involving you in her dream. Her influence is over you, though she have no existence but in that momentary image."

What a world of gossip would be prevented if it was only remembered that a person who tells you the faults of others intends to tell others of your faults.

## THE HASTINGS CONSERVATOR, TUESDAY, APRIL 11, 1865.

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There is something as beautiful as the hush of moonlight. The myriad quiet sleepers, lying down, each their life burden, insensible alike to joy or sorrow; helpless alike, the strong man as the infant, and over all the sleepers, Eye, which since the world began has never lost sight of one pillowed head. Thoughts like these come to us in an almost painful flood of memory. "I am not alone," I then, eternally only seems real, and every day life is a battle. But morning comes, and the stir and hum of life chase thoughts away as the sun dries up the dew drops, which, like our thoughts, performed their reviving mission ere they depart.

A city is a funny thing in any view you may take of it. The smaller the city, the more amusing is its peculiarities. It has its "upper ten" of the genuine "codfish aristocracy," its "lower ten" of dependants or indigents, and a "middle class" of comfortable and industrious people who enjoy life on a reasonable and rational basis. The touch-notativeness of the "highway arduous," is often as ludicrous as the misery of the poor is deplorable. The very streets themselves seem to put on a style, and assert their respective claims with the pertinacity of individuals competing for prizes in a race.—*La Crosse Republican.*

Milk-and-water people, who content themselves with simply doing no harm, at the same time never doing any good, who do not wait for a stone to get out of the Heaven-appointed way, but manifestly rolls it over, may unintentionally hurt somebody's toes in the next breath, and thousands who will walk that future path will thank him for clearing it. The man who has no enemy is generally a sneak, creeping, cautious, whitewashed creature, walking the world with velvet shoes, who smiles and glides his unchallenged way to the obscurity he merits.

Hawthorne seems to have been unmarried; since he says in one of his mid-night musings, after recounting the miseries of a haunted mind, "As your head falls back upon the pillow, you think in a whisper that it spoken—how pleasant in these night solitudes would be the rise and fall of a softer breathing than your own, the slight presence of a tender, or bosom, the quiet throbbing of a pure heart, imparting its pathos to your troubled one, as if the fond sleeper were involving you in her dream. Her influence is over you, though she have no existence but in that momentary image."

What a world of gossip would be prevented if it was only remembered that a person who tells you the faults of others intends to tell others of your faults.

## THE HASTINGS CONSERVATOR, TUESDAY, APRIL 11, 1865.

IRVING TODD & BRO.,  
Proprietors.  
IRVING TODD, JR.  
125 North Second Street,  
Hastings, Minn.

Who is a Master Mason?

From an address recently delivered before the grand lodge of Iowa, by the Rev. Bro. I. K. Fuller, grand orator, we take the following answer to the foregoing question:

"Latitude and longitude on the earth's surface are measured by degrees, minutes, and seconds, and the smaller divisions, the minutes and seconds, are essential to the equally important with the degrees, and absolutely indispensable to the perfection of measurement. So that he who, placing undue emphasis on the degree, is unskillful and defective in his calculations. And so, brethren, in computing our masonic degrees, we must be equally exact in the minutes and seconds, and the importance has been attached to the minutes and seconds, and what masonry enjoys upon us between the degrees. It is to this definition, this criminal want of attention to what have been falsely called the little things of masonry, that such false estimates have been made as to the character of our institutions, and that profane have sometimes said masons are no better than other people, whereas masons should so exemplify their lives as to constrain others to desire admission to our rights, lights, and benefits. But I hasten to the consideration who is a mason? I hear a brother say, he is one who is regularly initiated, passed, and raised according to the due and ancient form. But does this make a master mason? I answer unhesitatingly, no; masonry, as you are aware, is a great moral science, and in strictness he only is a master mason who has succeeded in mastering the whole subject in all its parts, whether degrees, five, precept, or practice. He who has simply graduated in the third degree of masonry has only entered the vestibule of our glorious old temple, having not yet penetrated far enough to become familiar with its sublime mysteries. If to live in a christianian religion, to profess the christian religion, and join a church necessarily makes a man a christian, then to have taken the third degree of masonry makes a man a genuine mason; but the premise being false, the conclusion is of course untrue; still further, a person may take upon himself the solemn obligations of christianianity, and still have done nothing more than 'serve the devil in.' So if you were to ask a brother what makes him a mason, and he were to answer, my obligation, he would have but half answered your question, because his obligation only makes him a mason nominally; not de facto. It is the working out of that obligation into the life that makes him such in reality. It is profession and practice, married, faith and works as cause and effect, that illustrate masonry. In a word, then, a master mason is one whose heart is always in the right place, always palpitating at the sight of human woe, and true to its trust as the needle to the magnet, who comes up out of the dust and toil, the complications and antagonisms of daily life unsoiled, with his soul perpetually to the zenith. He is a man whose hand never lifted up in violation of God's law as expressed in the decalogue, but who is always ready to mingle his tears with the suffering sons and daughters of mortality. Such is my ideal of a master mason, an ideal which I am glad to know has many illustrious exemplifications in the catalogue of American masons."

When you want to manage men, do as bee-keepers do when they want to manage bees. Here are two men that have been in a hive. One says, 'I own these bees, and am going to divide them, and move them.' He prepares a place for them, and then goes to the hive, thrusts his arm into the hole, and draws over him, and he moves himself very rapidly! That is just as I have seen men attempt to manage them. Another man gets a bowl of sugar and water, and washes his hands all over, and goes with the utmost quietness and serenity, and opens the hive, and puts his hand in gently, and he can scoop them up as though they were so much flour, and put them in as many hives as he pleases (if he only takes care to put a queen bee in each), and they will not sting him or fly away. And people say, 'Wonderful, that man has real magnetic power with bees.' So he has."

Do Your Own Mopping.

Should a fashionable woman be asked to go into the kitchen with one of her best silk dresses, and dripping the skirt into the suds of the scrubbing pail drag it over the floor for ten hours or more, she'd put down her gaitered foot with a snap and bid you do your own mopping. Yet after the past week's rain, this beautiful Tuesday calls out a multitude of women—most of them sensible women, who keep their skirts out of the dirt—among those who can be tracked from street to street's end by the dirty water Virginia-finesse trail they left behind. We walked many rods behind a silk dress that had been paid for in gold at one hundred and seventy, and at least three inches of it was nastily muddied, the edge fairly fringed by mud, with the pavement, and at every crossing, and every depression in the flagging, the silk drew up the mud like a dragging machine, and made a zigzag imprint on the stones."

The Federal Chameleon.

One evening, about an hour after the sun had gone down, a couple of stout men dressed in soiled rebel uniforms, each holding in his hand a good Austrian rifle, tapped at the door of a small frame building, near the C— road in Virginia.

The knock was answered by an old woman whose face was almost concealed by the tangled masses of her gray, uncombed, and disheveled hair.

"What do you want, heah?" she exclaimed, as her deep-set eyes flashed on the two men. "I haven't the smallest bit of Johnny cake in the house to offer you, for it is all—"

"No, no," interrupted one of the soldiers, "we don't want anything to eat; but we want you to tell us, and that in quick time, too, whether or not you've seen a slight but strong looking slip of a man go by here of late."

"Dressed in blue and carrying a double barreled rifle," added the other.

"Hey! hey!" cried the hag, lifting her hands, and speaking in a sharp, angry voice, "if we hadn't overheard you, I reckon you'd a herd me speak of him before now, as he was the very man who came here and bought all my mokes. It was about two hours ago and—"

"Which way did he go after he left you?" inquired both men eagerly.

"Before I answer that question you must tell me who he is," said the old woman, with a curiosity natural to her sex.

"He's a celebrated union scout whom we call the 'Federal Chameleon,' because he changes his uniform so often. Sometimes it is blue, other times gray, and he has been seen wearing the disguise of an old farmer. He has shot more of our men than is pleasant, and we have a roving commission from our colonel to go on a hunt after him and capture him, if we can, either dead or alive. And now as we have replied to you," continued the speaker a little impatiently, "we demand that you answer our question, and—"

"Demand?" interrupted the hag in shrill, piercing tones. "Is that the proper way to speak to a woman, an old woman at that?"

"Come, come, answer us if you please," cried the soldier in a milder tone. "I mean no harm—it is only my way of speaking."

"Well, perhaps I may forgive and perhaps not," said the old woman, slinking a church necessary makes a man a christian, then to have taken the third degree of masonry makes a man a genuine mason; but the premise being false, the conclusion is of course untrue; still further, a person may take upon himself the solemn obligations of christianianity, and still have done nothing more than 'serve the devil in.' So if you were to ask a brother what makes him a mason, and he were to answer, my obligation, he would have but half answered your question, because his obligation only makes him a mason nominally; not de facto. It is the working out of that obligation into the life that makes him such in reality. It is profession and practice, married, faith and works as cause and effect, that illustrate masonry. In a word, then, a master mason is one whose heart is always in the right place, always palpitating at the sight of human woe, and true to its trust as the needle to the magnet, who comes up out of the dust and toil, the complications and antagonisms of daily life unsoiled, with his soul perpetually to the zenith. He is a man whose hand never lifted up in violation of God's law as expressed in the decalogue, but who is always ready to mingle his tears with the suffering sons and daughters of mortality. Such is my ideal of a master mason, an ideal which I am glad to know has many illustrious exemplifications in the catalogue of American masons."

"What is that to you? What has that to do—"

"There you go again with your cursed civility!" shrieked the hag, fiercely; "but you shall answer my question before you get a single word out of me. Now, then, how far is your camp from here, and around it? I intend to carry your fellows some corn-cakes, if you see, and I want to know the number of mouths that I have to cook for."

"Oh, in that case," said the rebel, "I do not see any reason why I shouldn't satisfy you. Our camps, then, are about five miles from here, near the cross roads, and our number may be about five hundred."

"That will do," cried the old woman with a grin of satisfaction—"yes that will do. And now you are after? the man who came here to buy a supper is the one you are after?"

"We are sure, of it, for although we have never seen the man's face, we'd know him by his double barreled rifle, as nobody else in the Yankee army carries a weapon of that kind."

"Ay, ay, it's the right one then," said the hag. "After he had finished and laid for his meal, I says to me, 'Friend, I should like to put up here for the night if you have no objections. But as I did not like the idea of accommodating a Yankee any more than I could help, I told him there was no room for him, as I expected visitors before many hours. Well, then,' says he, 'can you tell me of a place where I can pass the night a little comfortably? You see, he added, looking towards his big double-barreled rifle, 'I don't like to camp out, as it looks like to rain, and this piece might get hurt by it.' 'I know of no place,' I answered, 'short of four miles from here, in an old barn which is tight enough, I think, to keep off the rain.' 'Four miles is a pretty long distance,' said he, 'and as I have been tramping about considerably to-day, I don't feel much like carrying this heavy load so far,' pointing to his knapsack as he spoke. Will you be kind enough to let it remain till morning?"

"Well, yes, said I, hesitating a little, and throwing a significant glance at the well-filled pocket book in his hand. He understood the look and gave me a greenback dollar. 'All right,' said I, and he then departed, saying he would call for his baggage in the morning, after he should wake from his sleep in the barn."

"Now, then," continued the woman, "which way did he go after him at once, or wait in ambush for him till morning?"

"The two soldiers drew back a few paces and held a short consultation, after which they advanced to the side of the woman."

"We will go now," said the one who had spoke first; "that is, if you can describe to us the exact position of the barn."

"I don't think I could describe it so that you can find it in the dark," replied the old woman, "but as I am willing to do everything in my power for the confederacy, I will go with you to show you the place."

"That's right," answered the rebel, "and we'll see that you are rewarded for your zeal."

"I don't want any reward for helping my countrymen," replied the other, "I am always ready to help along the cause."

With these words she disappeared into the inner room, but came forth in a few minutes with a gray blanket thrown over her shoulders.

"I took this out of the Yank's bag."

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# DRY GOODS & GROCERIES.

1864. FALL & WINTER. 1865.

MARK WILSON

Is now receiving a large assortment of

Seasonable Merchandise,

purchased during the recent panic in New York city. Among the stock is Ladies' Dress Goods, in Great Variety, Merinos, Mohairs, Paramettas, Alpacaes, Poppins, Prints, Gingham, Delaines, Etc., Etc.

A nice assortment of BLACK AND COLORED SILKS.

A large stock of Domestic Goods, Flannels, Cloths, Blankets, Shawls, Ladies' Cloaks, Clothing for Men and Boys, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Fur, Family Groceries, Crockery.

The assortment is large and general in every department, selected with special reference to the market with care. We will continue to add to all parties, systems, believing it best to.

Purchasers desiring to save time and not fail to examine the present stock. No trouble to show goods. Enough said! 30-Cent.

WILSON'S CURET CASH STORE, Exchange Block, Hastings, Minn.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

D. E. EYRE.

(Successor to Eyre & Holmes.)

DEALER IN

DRY GOODS.

Groceries and

Provision

Wooden and Willow Ware

BOOTS & SHOES,

Tobacco and Cigars

Call in and see one of the best stocks of goods in this market. Store corner of Second and Ramsey Streets. D. E. EYRE.

Hastings, Nov. 2, 1865. 30-1f

DRAPER & BALLARD.

Wholesale Dealers in

GROCERIES, SALT,

NAILS, FISH,

FRUIT, CROCKERY,

AND LIQUORS,

and Retail Dealers in

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

HATS AND CAPS,

WOODEN WARE, NOTIONS,

GLASS, QUEENS WARE,

FARMER'S TOOLS, ETC.

Agents for Dr. Swain's Bourbon Bitters, Drake's Plantation Bitters, Bling's Old London Gin, and fine Old Bourbon and Rye Whiskies.

Orders from the country carefully filled. We solicit an examination of our large stock.

Hastings, Jan. 2, 1865. 30-1f

MISCELLANEOUS.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND

AMBIOTYPES!

The undersigned has established his self in the neighborhood of Thorne, North, & Co.'s store where he is prepared to take all kinds of Pictures in the best of styles and at low rates. Call and examine specimens. E. A. BROWN, Photograph Artist. Hastings, Jan. 9, 1864. 30-1f

THE ROCK RIVER

FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF ROCKFORD, ILL.

CAPITAL, \$500,000.

S. M. CHURCH, President.

ALLEN GIBSON, Secretary.

Insures against all loss or damage by fire and lightning, thus affording the policy holder double the amount of indemnification given by other companies, at the same cost. Insurance collected at the lowest rates, and entire satisfaction guaranteed. All losses promptly and honorably adjusted. For further information apply to the undersigned. S. A. CHAFFIN, Agt. Hastings, Jan. 31, 1865. 43-1f

C. W. CROSBY.

Justice of the Peace,

Writes deeds, mortgages, bonds, leases, assignments, affidavits, bills of sale, letters, etc., etc. Copying and miscellaneous writing done to order and at low rates. Back pay, bounty, and pension blanks on hand and all information pertaining to same freely given on application, acknowledgment etc., taken at the residence if requested. Will also attend to the collection of notes and accounts. Office over Mark Wilson's Store, Second Street, Hastings, Minn. 44-1f

# THE CONSERVER.

Published every Tuesday Morning at

HASTINGS, DAKOTA COUNTY, MINNESOTA.

Terms, 1 Year \$2.00

Single Copies 5 Cts.

Advertisements in advance.

Address: The Conserver, Hastings, Minn.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

1 square 1 week	1 square 2 weeks	1 square 3 months	1 square 6 months	1 square 1 year
\$1.00	\$1.50	\$4.00	\$6.00	\$10.00
1 " 2 " 1 week	1 " 2 " 2 weeks	1 " 2 " 3 months	1 " 2 " 6 months	1 " 2 " 1 year
1 " 2 " 1 week	1 " 2 " 2 weeks	1 " 2 " 3 months	1 " 2 " 6 months	1 " 2 " 1 year
1 " 2 " 1 week	1 " 2 " 2 weeks	1 " 2 " 3 months	1 " 2 " 6 months	1 " 2 " 1 year
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1 " 2 " 1 week	1 " 2 " 2 weeks	1 " 2 " 3 months	1 " 2 " 6 months	1 " 2 " 1 year

3 lines each on second page, not exceeding average seven dollars per year; each additional line one dollar.

Local advertisements 75 cts. per square first insertion and 50 cts. for each subsequent insertion.

Special notices 10 cts. per line for first insertion and 5 cts. for each subsequent insertion.

Transient advertisements must be paid in advance—all others quarterly.

Advertisements not otherwise ordered, will be continued until they are ordered out, and charged accordingly.

An Editor's Dream.

A bachelor out West, who had received the fair head of a bride, a piece of wedding cake to dream on, thus gives the result of his experience:

We put it under our pillow, shut our eyes as sweetly as an infant, and blessed with an easy conscience, soon snored prodigiously. The god of dreams gently touched us, and lo! in fancy we were married! Never was a little affair so happy. It was "my love," "dearest," and "sweetest," riding in our ears every moment. Oh! that the dream had broken off here. But no, some evil genius, put it into the head of our ducky to have pudding for dinner, just to please her lord.

In a hungry dream we sat down to dinner. Well, the pudding moment arrived, and a huge slice almost obscured from sight the plate before us. "My dear," said our fondly, "did you make this?"

"Yes, love, ain't it nice?"

"Glorious—the best bread pudding I ever tasted in my life."

"Plum pudding, ducky," suggested my wife.

"O, no dearest, bread pudding. I always was fond of 'em."

"Call that bread pudding!" exclaimed my wife, while lips slightly curled with contempt.

"Certainly, my dear—reckon I've had enough at the Sherwood House to know bread pudding, my love, by all means."

"Husband, this is really too bad!—plum pudding is twice as hard to make as bread pudding, and is more expensive, and a great deal better. I say this is plum pudding, sir?" and my pretty wife's brow flushed with excitement.

"My love, my sweet, my dear love," exclaimed we, soothingly, "do not get angry, I'm sure it's very good, if it is bread pudding."

"You mean, low wretch," fiercely replied my wife, in a higher tone, "You know it is plum pudding!"

"Then, na'm, it is merely put together, and so badly burned that the devil himself wouldn't know it. I tell you na'm, most distinctly and emphatically, and I will not be contradicted, that it is bread pudding and the nearest thing to that."

"It is plum pudding," shrieked our wife, as she buried a glass of claret in our face, the glass itself tapping the claret from our nose.

"Bread pudding," gasped we, pluck to the last, and grasping a roasted chicken by the leg.

"Plum pudding!" rose above the din as we had a distinct perception of feeling two plates smash across our head.

"Bread pudding!" we groaned in a rage, as the chicken left our hand, and flying with swift wings across the table landed in the woman's bosom.

"Plum pudding!" resounded the war cry from the enemy, as the gray dish took us where we had deposited that part of our dinner, and a plate of beef, landed upon our white vest.

"Bread pudding forever," shouted we in defiance, dodging the fureen, and falling beneath its contents.

"Plum pudding!" yelled the amiable spouse, as noticing our misfortune, she determined to keep us down by piling upon our head the dishes with no gentle hand. Then in rapid succession followed the war cry, "Plum pudding!" she shrieked with every dish.

"Bread pudding!" in smothered tones up from the pile in reply. Then it was "Plum pudding!" in rapid succession, the last cry growing feeble till just as I can distinctly recollect, it had grown to a whisper, "Plum pudding!" resounded like thunder, followed by a tremendous crash, as my wife leaped upon the pile with her delicate feet, and commenced jumping up and down—when, thank heaven, we awoke, and thus saved our life. We shall never dream on wedding cake again—that is the moral.

A member of the Arkansas Legislature, in a debate on the question of a restoration of the Union, made a speech in favor of it, which he concluded by saying that "it would change the barren hills into fruitful valleys."

Formerly women were prohibited from marrying until they had spun a set of bed furniture, and hence were entitled "spinsters" until married. A morose old bachelor has remarked: "Now-a-days they spin street yarn."

Sidney Smith wrote to a friend: "I have seven or eight complaints, but in all other respects I am perfectly well."

# HARDWARE.

ATTENTION EVERYBODY!

Buy Where You Can Buy

Cheapest and Get Good

Articles.

If you want good hoes and forks, go to Thomas' Hardware Store.

If you want good scythes and snaths cheap, go to Thomas'.

If you want fine table and pocket cutlery, go to Thomas' Cheap Store.

If you want nails or iron cheap, go straight to Thomas, and no where else.

If you want any kind of tools cheap and good, go to Thomas.

If you want hatchets or axes of the best quality, go to Thomas' Cheap Store.

If you want kerosene oil cheap and good go to Thomas.

If you want stoves and tinware of the best quality and cheap at the cheapest, go to the cheap hardware store of John Thomas.

If you want locks, latches, butts and screws, or any kind of house trimmings, Thomas' is the place to buy.

If you want sheep shears, gopher traps, smooth irons, iron bench screws, augurs, auger bits, hand bells, cow bells, or any article kept in a hardware store, go to Thomas' and get it cheap and of the best quality.

HARDWARE.

Try it and see if you cannot make money at it.

JOHN THOMAS.

Hastings, May 14, 1863. 5-1f

HARDWARE.

M. MCHUGH.

Dealer in

HARDWARE.

TINWARE.

STOVES, ETC.

Corner of Second and Vermilion Streets, Hastings, Minnesota.

has on hand and is constantly receiving a general assortment and a full supply of

Iron, Nails, Tinware, Glass, Sash, And Putty.

Also the best stock of

CUTLERY

ever before exhibited in this market.

These goods have been bought expressly for this trade, and will be sold on the most reasonable terms for cash.

I am also agent for, and have on hand, the celebrated

STEWART COOKING STOVE.

known to be the best cooking stove manufactured.

Hastings, May 14, 1864. 5-1f

HARDWARE.

H. H. PRINGLE.

MANUFACTURER OF

SHEDS, BARNES, ETC.

Hastings, Nov. 22, 1864. 30-1f

BUTTER & COBSON.

Manufacturers and Dealers in

FURNITURE.

SASH

DOORS, BLINDS, ETC. ETC.

Painting, Matching, Turning, done to order. Offices of all kinds and sizes always on hand. Sole agents for The Metallic Building Cases. Hastings, Oct. 25, 1864. 29-1f

# FINANCIAL.

UNITED STATES

7-30 LOAN.

By authority of the secretary of the treasury the undersigned has assumed the general subscription agency for the sale of United States Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three-tenths per cent. interest, per annum, known as the

SEVEN-THIRTY LOAN.

These notes are issued under date of August 16th, 1864, and are payable three years from that time, in currency, or are convertible at the option of the holder into

U. S. 5-20 Six per cent. Gold Bearing Bonds.

These bonds are now worth a premium of nine per cent., including gold interest from November, which makes the actual profit on the 7-30 loan, at current rates, including interest, about ten per cent. per annum, besides its exemption from state and municipal taxation, which adds from three to three and one-half per cent. to the rate received on the property. The interest is payable semi-annually by coupons attached to each note which may be cut off and sent to any bank or banker.

The interest amounts to

One cent per day on a \$50 note.

Two cents " " 100 "

Three " " 150 "

Four " " 200 "

Five " " 250 "

Six " " 300 "

Seven " " 350 "

Eight " " 400 "

Nine " " 450 "

Ten " " 500 "

Notes of all denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions. This is

THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET

now offered by the government, and it is confidently expected that its superior advantages will make it the

Great Popular Loan of the People.

Less than \$200,000,000 remain unsold which will probably be disposed of within 60 or 90 days, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscription to other loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the loan, the national banks, state banks, and private bankers throughout the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.

JAY COOK, Subscription Agent, Philadelphia.

Subscriptions will be received by

First National Bank, Hastings.

NEW YORK.

PUTNAM CLOTHES-WRINGER.

The Only Reliable Self-Adjusting Wringer.

Good work to swell or split. No thumb-screw or cog-wheel. Guaranteed to run with or without cog-wheels.

It took the first premiums at fifty-seven state and county fairs in 1863, and is, without exception, the best wringer ever made.

Patented in the United States, England, Canada, and Australia. Agents wanted in every town. Energetic men can make over \$250 per day. No. 2, \$6.50; No. 1, \$7.50; No. 3, \$8.50; No. 4, \$9.50. Manufactured and sold wholesale and retail by THE PUTNAM MACH. CO., No. 13 Platt Street, New York, and Cleveland, Ohio. S. C. NORTON, Agent.

What everybody knows, viz.

That iron well galvanized will not rust.

That a simple machine is better than a complicated one.

That a wringer should be self-adjusted, durable, and efficient.

That thumb-screws and fastenings cause delay and trouble to regulate and keep in order.

That wood soaked in hot water will swell, shrink, and split.

That wood bearings for the shaft to run in will wear out.

That the Putnam Wringer, with or without cog-wheels, will not tear the clothes.

That cog-wheel regulators are not essential.

That the Putnam Wringer has all the advantages, and not one of the disadvantages above named.

That all who have tested it, pronounce it the best wringer ever made.

That it will wring a thread or a bed quilt without alteration.

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Employing and paying more for literary talent than any other magazine in the country, we flatter ourselves that no department of the Pacific Monthly will suffer neglect from the want of able and well-known contributors.

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which are produced regardless of expense, by an efficient corps of artists, at whose head stands Brightly and McClellan, unequalled as designers and engravers. We call the attention of the public to the production of first-class illustrations of the varied, novel, and picturesque scenery and local views of the

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This department of the monthly, under the immediate supervision of McLean, the celebrated comic delineator, will be found always rich in wit, merriment, and appropriate illustrations.

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Having made special arrangements with Mme. Demorest, 473 Broadway, New York, for contributions to our fashion department, we call the attention of the ladies to the elegant, and commend our monthly to their notice as containing more information in regard to dress and the toilet than any other magazine published.

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## PUBLICATIONS

1865. PROSPECTUS. 1865.

# THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE

A Daily, Tri-Weekly, and Weekly Newspaper, devoted to News, Commerce, Politics, Agriculture, Science, and Literature.

The great union party has just achieved the most glorious and important triumph in the history of our nation in the presidency of Abraham Lincoln to the presidency. The destiny of this great country will be entrusted to such tried and pure statesmen. These coming four years will make more history than was ever allowed in any like period. It will be more striking features will be the crushing of the rebellion by the power of the sword, the restoration of the Union and the freedom of every slave in the American soil. For these measures that treat the people have declared in thunder tones and their emphatic voice will be obeyed. While these great events are transpiring no man—poor or rich—can afford to be without a newspaper. It is as necessary as his daily bread.

*The Chicago Tribune* is before you.

This well-known and popular journal is noted for avowing its sentiments with

It aims to the right rather than popular  
and takes the responsibility of telling the  
truth, even at the expense of those that may  
be given to prejudice and passion.  
The principles and objects which *The  
Chicago Tribune* espouses are:  
The Cause of Freedom,  
Justice and Humanity,  
Perpetuity of the Law,  
Obedience to the Constitution,  
and Supremacy of the Rights  
of the People.  
Debt is to hold any Loyal  
Person in Slavery, and an  
Enemy to the Cause that Rebels have  
No Right under the  
Constitution, until  
They first Obey it.  
And the prosecution of the war against  
treason under the authority of the govern-  
ment is established over every rebel.  
There must be no faltering—no step  
backward. Failure now will entail dis-  
aster. The rebels are now in possession  
of life and property, and leaving the coun-  
try a prey to anarchy, rapine, and mur-  
der. Too much precious blood and val-  
ue have been sacrificed to the rebels  
now. The cheapest and shortest road  
to enduring peace is straightforward.  
If our forefathers seven years of fear-  
ful struggle had been successful, it is  
surely worth as great an effort on the  
part of this generation to preserve it  
as we have an abiding faith that the en-  
suing year will be a complete  
overthrow of the rebel confederacy.  
During the last year great victories have  
been won by the Union army, and  
France or Germany has been sent from  
the rebels and restored to the Union.  
One more campaign by sea and land "will  
do more for the foundations of sedition and  
cruel war."

*The Chicago Tribune* is a western news  
paper, made up in the West, and devoted  
to the interests of the West, and the  
subject of interest to Western men—religion,

nancial. No Western merchant, banker, farmer, mechanic, drover, or manufacturer could have so much interest and do with it so little. No farmer should sell a bushel of wheat, corn, oats, or a pound of beef or pork without reading *The Tribune*. No merchant should sell a barrel of goods or a manufacturer his wares; no mechanic should produce his hands, without first consulting its well-filled columns. It is in every respect the most useful paper in the world.

*The Chicago Tribune*, while fearless in the expression of its opinions and patriotic in its endeavors, aims at being a first-class newspaper for the benefit of the whole people of the North-West several days sooner than the papers of the seaboard.

The contents of the weekly *Tribune* embrace

1. A complete current history of the progress of the war, with the general news of the day.
2. Copious despatches and special correspondence containing the latest news from all parts down to the hour of going to press.
3. Reports of the proceedings of religious, agricultural, educational, and miscellaneous.
4. Proceedings of congress and state legislatures, important speeches and documents.
5. Market reports, embracing every article the farmer or trader can export or import.
6. Carefully prepared agriculture, horticulture, and rural and other able writers on the farm and garden.
7. Poetry, travel, anecdotes, and gossip, reviews and pleasant miscellany.

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In consequence of the high price of white paper, and the great increase in the cost of printing, we are compelled to give up our former plan of giving thirty copies gratis to subscribers, and of giving them compensated with printing the

*The Tribune* can be afforded. There will be no deviation from these rates:

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Taurug St.

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Seasonable Merchandise,

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Merinoes, Mohairs,

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Flannels, Plaides,

Prints, Ginghams,

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A nice assortment of

BLACK AND COLORED SILKS.

A large stock of

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Chlothes,

Blankets,

Shawls,

Clothing for Men and Boys,

Hats and Caps,

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Crockery,

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every department, selected with special

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will continue to adhere to the very

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and LIQUORS,

and Retail Dealers in

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FARMER'S TOOLS, ETC.

Agents for Dr. Sear's Bourbon Bitters,

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Old London Gin and Fine Old Bourbon

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Shawls,

Best Cloths,

Clothing for Men and Boys,

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Hats and Caps,

Furs,

Family Groceries,

Crockery,

The assortment is large and general in

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Blankets,

Shawls,

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Clothing for Men and Boys,

Books and Shoes,

Hats and Caps,

Furs,

Family Groceries,

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Hastings, Nov. 3, 1864. 20-1f

D. E. EYRE.

DRAPER & BALLARD,

Wholesale Dealers in

GROCERIES, SALT,

NAILS, FISH,

FRUIT, CROCKERY,

and LIQUORS,

and Retail Dealers in

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

HATS AND CAPS,

WOODEN WARE, NOTIONS,

GLASS, CROCKERY, WARE,

FARMER'S TOOLS, ETC.

Agents for Dr. Swain's Bourbon Bitters,

Drake's Plantation Bitters, Binger's

Old London Gin and Old Bourbon and

Rye Whiskies.

Orders from the country carefully filled.

We solicit an examination of our large

stock.

Hastings, Jan. 2, 1865. 20-1f

MISCELLANEOUS.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND

AMBROTYPES!

The undersigned has established him-

self in the town of Hastings, Minn.,

at a store where he is prepared to take

all kinds of Pictures in the best of styles

and at low rates. Call and examine spec-

imens.

E. A. BRACH, Photograph Artist.

Hastings, Jan. 9, 1864. 20-1f

THE ROCK RIVER

FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF ROCKFORD, ILL.

CAPITAL - \$500,000.

S. M. CHURCH, President.

ALLEN GIBSON, Secretary.

Insures against all loss or damage by

fire and lightning, thus affording the pol-

icy holder double the amount of indemnifi-

cation given by other companies, at the

same cost. Insurance solicited at the low-

est rates, and entire satisfaction guaran-

teed. All losses promptly and honorably

adjusted. For further information apply

to the undersigned, S. A. CHAMBER, Agt.

Hastings, Jan. 31, 1865. 20-1f

C. W. CROSBY,

Justice of the Peace,

Writes deeds, mortgages, bills of sale, leases,

assignments, affidavits, bills of sale, letters,

etc. Copying and miscellaneous writ-

ing done to order and at low rates.

Back pay, bounty, and pension blanks

on hand and all information pertaining to

same freely given on application, acknowl-

edged to be taken at the residence if

requested. Will also attend to the collec-

tion of notes and accounts. Office over

Mark Willson's Store, Second Street, Has-

tings, Minn. 44-1f

DELINQUENT TAXES.

For the year 1864.

BURNSVILLE, T. 27, R. 2, S. 2.

Delinquent Taxes.

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# 1864. FALL & WINTER. 1865.

## MARK WILLSON

Is now receiving a large assortment of

## Seasonable Merchandise,

purchased during the recent panic in New York city. Among the stock is

Ladies' Dress Goods, in Great Variety, Merinos, Mohairs,

Parasols, Alpacaes, Poplins, Plaids, Prints, Ginghams, Delaines, Etc., Etc.

A nice assortment of

## BLACK AND COLORED SILKS.

A large stock of

Domestic Goods, Flannels, Cloths,

Blankets, Shawls, Ladies' Cloaks,

Clothing for Men and Boys, Boots and Shoes,

Hats and Caps, Furs, Family Groceries,

The assortment is large and general in every department, selected with special reference to this market with care. We will continue to adhere to the best system, believing it best for all parties. Purchasers desiring to save twenty-five percent will not fail to examine the present stock. No trouble to show goods. Enough said!

WILLSON'S CHEAP CASH STORE, Exchange Block, Hastings, Minn.

## NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

Call in and see one of the best stocks of goods in this market. Store corner of Second and Ramsey Streets.

Hastings, Nov. 3, 1864. 20-11

## D. E. EYRE,

(Successor to Eyre & Holmes), DEALER IN

## DRY GOODS,

Groceries and

Provisions.

## Wooden and Willow Ware,

BOOTS & SHOES,

Tobacco and Cigars.

Call in and see one of the best stocks of goods in this market. Store corner of Second and Ramsey Streets.

Hastings, Nov. 3, 1864. 20-11

## DRAPER & BALLARD,

Wholesale Dealers in

GROCERIES, SALT,

FRUIT, CROCKERY,

AND LIQUORS,

and Retail Dealers in

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

HATS AND CAPS,

WOODEN WARE, NOTIONS,

GLASS, QUEENS WARE,

PARFUMS, TOOLS, ETC.

Agents for Dr. Swan's Bourbon Bitters, Drakes' Plantation Bitters, Bininger's Old London Gin, and Old Bourbon and Rye Whiskies.

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## PHOTOGRAPHS AND

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Justice of the Peace,

Writes deeds, mortgages, bonds, leases, assignments, advowsons, bills of sale, etc., etc. Copying and miscellaneous writing done to order and at low rates.

Back pay, bounty, and pension blanks on hand and all information pertaining to same freely given on application, knowledge of facts, taken at the residence, if requested. Will also attend to the collection of notes and accounts. Office over Mark Willson's Store, Second Street, Hastings, Minn.

44-11

# DELINQUENT TAXES

IN

DAKOTA CO., MINN.

For the year 1864.

BURNSIDE T. 2, R. 24.

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DEFECTIVE PAGE







## THE HASTINGS CONSERV

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Continued Supplement